

TUNBRIDGE

2

OR

Tunbridge Miscellanies,

For the Year 1719.

PART I.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic; aliter non fit, Avite, Liber.*

Martial.

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS BROWNE; and Sold by the
Bookfellers of London and Westminster. 1719.

(Price One Shilling.)

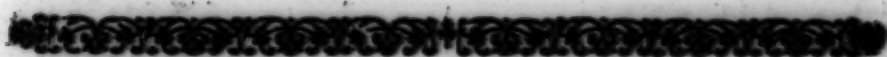
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Pt. from Peter Murray, Hyde Hotel
Cat. 26, item 286





TUNBRIGALIA.



ON THE *Dutchess of MONTAGUE.*

By Mr. BURRARD.



N vain *Prometheus* had contriv'd the Plan,
Would Heav'n refuse to animate the Man;
So Fancy forms, ——— but you must Life
inspire:

So strong's the Force of your diffusive Fire!
Had'st thou been added to the heavenly Three;
And *Paris* once again but to decree;
Vainly the Rival Goddesses would sue,
The Prize in Justice would be due to you.

On the Lady D A L K E I T H.

WH A T Honours Man can pay, you justly claim,
 'Tho' still your Modesty forbids our Aim,
 Rather than court your Praise, you seem to fear,
 Lest Commendation should offend your Ear.

On the Lady H O L D E R N E S S.

EA C H strives which shall your Personage express,
 Brave *Schonberg's* Offspring or great *Holderness* :
 Superiour Graces strike the passive Eye,
 And absolutely rule in Majesty.
 Young *Daggenfelt*, whose Virtues are innate,
 Needs not improve, nor can degenerate,

On the Lady ISAB--A SC--T.

TH O' far unequal to the great Design,
 Yet, *Isabella*, shall the Task be mine,
 To follow Nature thro' thy lovely Frame,
 Compos'd on purpose for the Theme of Fame:

Timbrigalia.

5

The more we gaze, we find on every View,
Throughout the Masterpeice there's something new.
From ev'ry Look flows some surprizing Grace,
And Affectation here can find no Place ;
In perfect Harmony unite no less,
Your Shape, your Mien, and Manner of Address.
Each ruling with such captivating Ease,
As Nature had resolv'd her Work should please.
Against Detraction Conduct your Defence,
Is seen in blushing Modesty and Sense :
So well-bred, courteous, and discreetly free,
You need no Help to speak your Quality.
No wonder this,——since *Monmouth's* tender Care
So wisely can instruct th' obedient Fair.



On the Lady CHARLOTTE SCOTT.

HERE place the Canvass—Now *Charlotta* sit,
Whilst I your Portraiture attempt to hit.

Apelles left his *Venus* but half done,
And none could finish what he had begun.

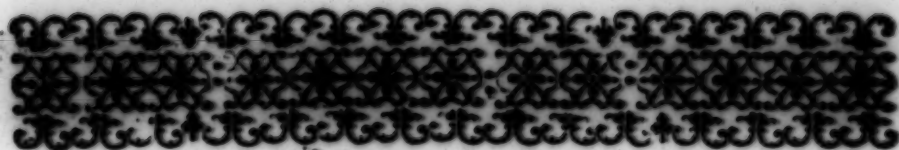
Charlotta's

Charlotta's Name would make the Genius rise,
 In just Proportion to the Enterprize ;
 But Nature frowns to see me dare aspire,
 And basely spoil what she has left entire :
 Confusion is the Lot of such who strive
 To innovate on her Prerogative.
 Thus I'm perplex'd to trace your easy Way,
 And lost in Thought, I sink, whilst you are gay ;
 Whilst in your Air, such Sprightliness there flows,
 My Colours fail, much more the Hand that draws.



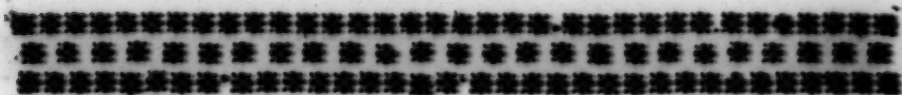
On the Lady HINCHINBROOK.

THE lab'ring Bee employs her busy Hours,
 In gath'ring her Sweets from chosen Flow'rs:
 Thus would I have some happy, able Muse
 In lovely *Hinchinbrook* a Subject chuse.
 How inexhaustible's the beauteous Treasure,
 Whose Smiles command, and we obey with Pleasure.



On the Lady RANELAGH.

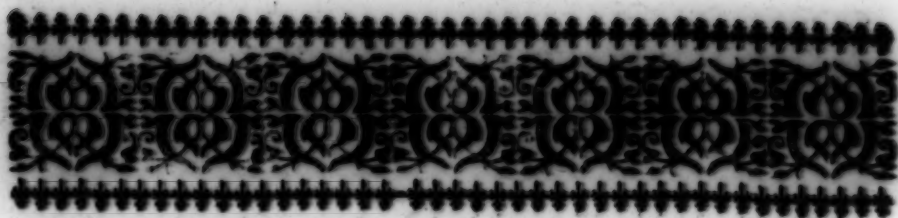
WHO from Example wou'd Discretion draw,
 Let 'em look on, and copy *Ranelagh*.
 To all Obliging, so sincerely Just,
 Her Friendship equal to the greatest Trust.



On the Lady PERCIVAL.

SI L E N C E were Sin, when, *Percival*, thy Name
 Should stand the Monument of lasting Fame.
 To speak thy Beauty, tell thy pleasing Air,
 With such Perfections as with these compare;
 Words were but Wind, for they express no more,
 Than what the World would say, *They knew before*.
 But if by Sense Perfection be defin'd,
 Thy Conversation shews a polish'd Mind.

ON



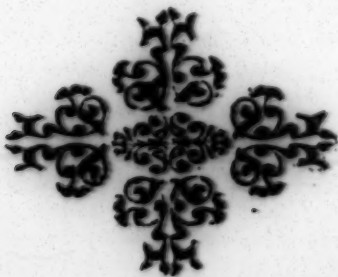
ON THE
Lady BUCK and Mrs. CORNISH.

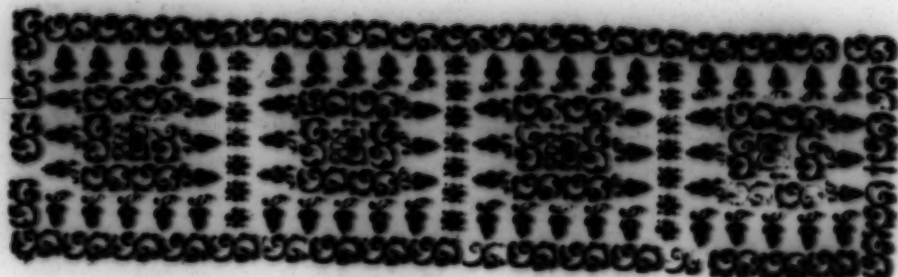
ENgaging *Buck*, yet awful is thine Air,
 At once invites, and dooms us to Despair,
 Tho' pleasing, yet forbiddingly severe!
 So *Cornish*, by her Smiles and winning Tongue,
 Tempts us to love in vain, and be undone.
 Thrice happy Wells! where Beauty's in such store!
 When could'st thou boast an *Horsmanden*, a *Hoar*,
 A *Borret*, *Lyndsey*, *Searle*, and Thousands more?
 Subjects like these, when Mortals have to sing,
 Invite the Muses to exchange their Spring.



*On Mrs. LETHULIER.*

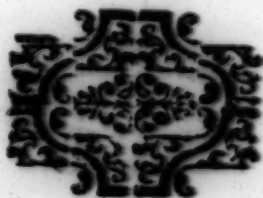
SEE how triumphantly her Beauty blooms,
Commanding Sacrifice by Hecatombs;
Next view the happy Pledge of youthful Years,
Which in such conscious Modesty appears.
The Rosy Blushes peep, and then retire,
Then come again, and tender Love inspire.
Who, when she dances, can her Movement see,
But feels his Heart beat Time by Sympathy?
Beauty to her is not deriv'd from Chance,
But seems convey'd by just Inheritance.



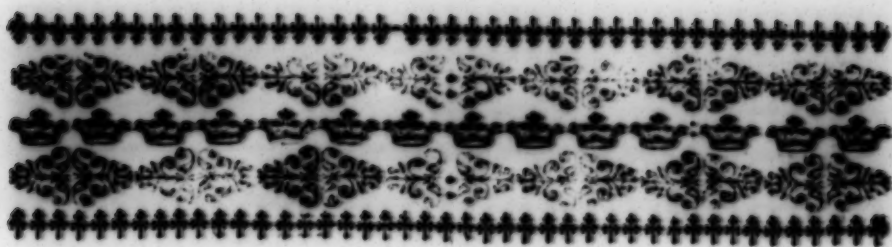


On Mrs. P---L L.

HE A R and assist me, all ye powerful Nine,
 Assist me on a Subject so divine,
 Help me to touch the trembling, conscious Lyre,
 And P——/s Beauty give the genial Fire;
 But endless Work——For Something still behind
 ● Starts fresh Ideas to engage the Mind.
 Let Envy's self, and all the Sex combine,
 Thro' Clouds of Malice P——/ still shall shine.



By



By Mr. S A Y.

*Occasioned by some vile Copies,
reflecting on the Ladies at
Tunbridge-Wells.*

YE Scriblers vile who think ill Nature
With little Wit will form a Satyr,
And thence in spite of Genius write,
Resolv'd to blacken all that's white :
But 'cause (like Owls) ye can't well bear
The radiant Sun's, or Beauty's, Glare,
Where e'er ye venture out too soon,
Sulk under Cover of Lampoon;
For shame leave off that snarling Air;
And learn to celebrate the Fair.

With candid Eyes bright *Pothill's* Face
 Survey, and ev'ry Feature trace ;
 Then you'll confess her pow'rful Charms
 Their Spleen to all her Sex disarms :
 Ev'n antiquated Maids declare,
Pothill's intolerably fair.

Who can fam'd *Lyndsey's* Beauties hit,
 Or safely listen to her Wit,
 And not be mov'd by soft Desires,
 And vainly burn with lawless Fires ?

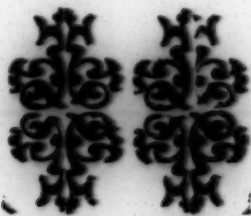
How dangerous 'tis to approach too near
 The fatal Charms of *Lethulier* !
 Or gaze too long on *Burrel's* Eyes,
 Unless you'd fall a Sacrifice !

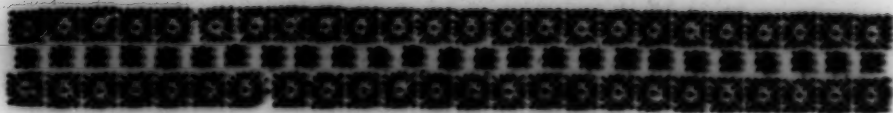
Who *St. John* views, shall ne'er retrieve
 His Liberty without her Leave ;
 And he for ever must adore,
 Who comes within the Reach of *Hon.*

**Fate striket from far the wishing Eye,
And wounds the Heart too deep, when nigh.**

**Each Nymph, with some peculiar Charm,
The coldest Bosom can alarm ;
Nor is it safe, until ye fly,
Inferior Beauties to defy.**

**In vain who writes in Satyrs keen,
On *Pierfon* vents his cancred Spleen,
And Fox-like swears the Grapes are sour,
Which out of reach he can't devour.
While he who sings in Beauty's Praise,
With Pleasure in good-natur'd Lays,
Her Advocate she shall proclaim,
And give his Verse (tho' mean) a deathless Name.**





The THREE NYMPHS.

By an Unknown Hand.

THREE Nymphs I sing, of Human Race,
 Deserving *Homer's* Pen,
 Worthy all of *Jove's* Embrace,
 Too Good for mortal Men.

I.

Ebonia with an Olive Skin
 Tempers the Lustre of her Eyes,
 Tho' dark without, she's bright within,
 So Clouds o'ercast the radiant Skies.

Her Temper's mild, as Western Winds
 That breathe the Odours of the Spring :
 Her Conduct's such, that Envy finds
 No unguarded Place to strike her Sting.

The

Tanbrigalia.

15

The snaky Fiend, to blame her Taste,
Has at most but one Pretence,
Tho' that a Handle gives, at least,
To shew Ten Thousand Acts of Sense.

II.

As tawny *Egypt* once could boast,
A Queen so heavenly Fair,
Tho' she the Earth's wide Empire cost,
Was yet not thought too dear.

So tempting *Flavia* is the Pride
Of swarthy *Tagus* Shore;
For her, I'd *Anthony* out-bid,
And give a Planet more.

In naked Charms her Soul appears,
Undress'd of all Disguise,
Her Freedom tempts, her Wit endears,
Heav'n opens in her Eyes.

III.

III.

Cornelia's easy Movement fires,
 'Tis Death to see her dance!
Her Voice resistless Love inspires,
 Both with its Sound and Sense.

When first to gain *Adonis* Love,
 Venus in mortal Form appear'd,
Her heavenly Figure to improve,
 She dear *Cornelia's* Shape preferr'd.

Upon her fragrant, coral Lips
 The wanton Loves and Graces play,
Out of her Eyes fly *Cupid* peeps,
 And leads our Wishes all astray.





*The ANSWER to the THREE
NYMPHS.*

WHEN Painters skill'd, a Face would draw,
They choose the loveliest Side,
And if Dame Nature 'as made a Flaw,
With Art the Blemish hide.

So Poets, whensoever they write
In Panegyrick Style,
Shou'd set their Objects in a Light,
Wou'd recommend their Toil.

And now with ill-judg'd awkward Starts,
To celebrate their Eyes,
Cover their bright inferior Parts
With Olive's dark Disguise.

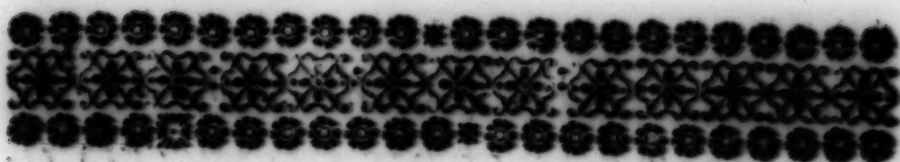
Ebonia's Charms resplendent shine,
In thickest Clouds despite,
As Diamonds exquisitely fine
Are said to do in th' Night.

Fair *Flavia*, without wandering far
As Tawny *Egypt's* Coast,
With *British* Beauties may compare,
Yet reign the Fav'rite Toast.

And *British* Belles, no doubt we have
As *Cleopatra* Fair,
Would scorn t' insult a gen'rous Slave,
Or cost his Love too dear.

Cornelia's Movement strongly charms,
Whene'er she deigns to dance ;
Her Voice the ravish'd Ear alarms,
And puts us in a Trance.

But more it can't, for if 'twas Death
To hear her, or to see,
She'd stop'd long since her Poet's Breath,
And made an end of me.



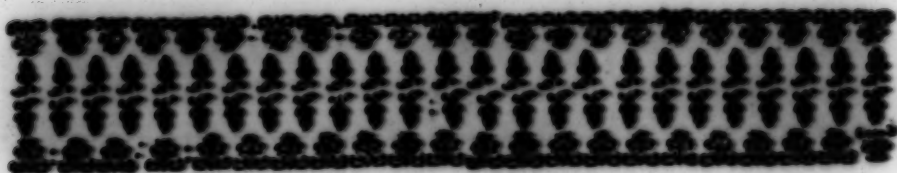
On Mrs. P---L L.

P---L L, wanton, gay and airy,
Wild as Buck, or Midnight Fairy,
Blooming like Rose, and bright as Lilly,
So pretty is, and yet so silly;
To Death I fret me at her Folly,
Yet more than Life I love my P---lly.

Letty, with modest maiden Air,
Blushing like Rose, as Lilly fair,
Good Humour smiling in her Eyes,
Appears so lovely, and so wise,

That her Mind has Thousand Charms.

But Oh ! the Heaven in *Letty's* Arms !



STREPHON'S *Complaint to his
Mistress of his ill Success in
his Amour.*

I.

WHEN you're gone,
I shan't be long ;

You need not ask the Reason ;

For who can stay,

When you're away,

Whose Absence ends the Season ?

II.

But still in vain

Must I complain,

And

And tell what I endure,
Yet don't confess
You're Pitiless,
Tho' you delay my Cure.

III.

The Bards have told,
That *Jove* of old,
For Love, laid by his Thunder;
Blest with his Dear,
His Heav'n was here,
No Lover sure will wonder.

IV.

Now mark alas!
My different Case,
A Slave I am to you;
But you're Divine,
And won't be mine,
Then what can Mortal do?

V.

Oh! go not hence,
 But first dispense
 With Deity one Hour,
 On Earth you'd range,
 And bless the Change
 Of your Celestial Power.

VI.

The Scribler's Curse,
 Or if there's worse,
 May't fall, O *Tunbridge*! on thee;
 Thy *Helicon*,
 Hath spurr'd me on,
 And Love and Rhime undone me.

VII.

Your gentle Spring,
 As Poets sing,
 Oft rais'd the Genius higher;
 But from the Steel,
 No Fire I feel,
 To animate my Lyre.

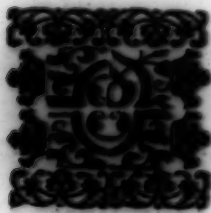
VIII.

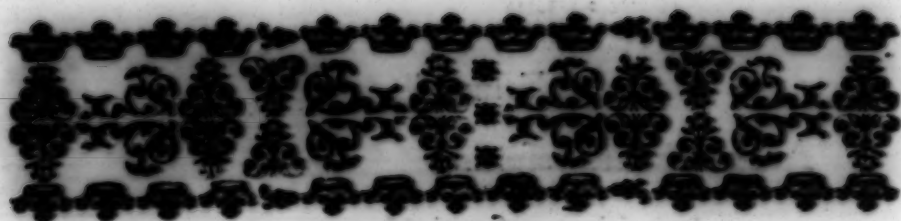
VIII.

Apelles' Skill,
Once serv'd him ill,
To excel himself aspiring;
But Chance supply'd
What Art deny'd,
Whilst Nature stood admiring.

IX.

So Art must fail,
And Chance prevail,
Your Character to advance ;
For none to you
Can Justice do,
Unless it be by Chance.





Blue-ey'd L U C Y.

To the Tune of, Black-ey'd S U S A N.

I.

NO more let *Susan's* Eyes, tho' black,
 Their killing Lustre vainly boast,
 While blue-ey'd *Lucy's* they attack,
 Dimly they shine, their Power's lost.
Lucy's, like Lightning darted thro' the Sky,
 Force a bright Way, and all their Charms defy.

II.

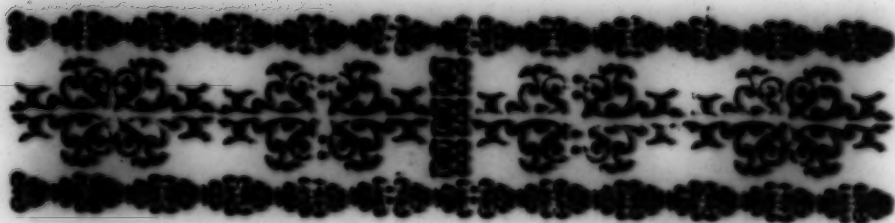
No Heart, tho' guarded ne'er so well,
 But must their killed Influence feel,
 The Pains they give what Tongue can tell,
 Or cure, unless she'll deign to heal!

In her alone the wond'rous Magick lies,
To kill or save, with her blue charming Eyes.

III.

Were I at Liberty to choose,
And she my Choice wou'd once approve,
To gain her, Empires I'd refuse,
Blest in a Cottage with my Love.
But oh; too late I sigh for *Lucy's* Charms,
Destin'd already to another's Arms.





On a LADY. By Dr. B---K.

THE Gods being met the other Day,
 All in a Mind, grew wondrous gay;
Jove laid his Thunderbolts aside,
 With all his Majesty and Pride,
 And swore by all his Pow'r and Might,
 They'd have a jovial merry Night.
 But whence could all this Frolick come?
Juno, it seems, was gone from Home.
 For Gods and Goddeses you know,
 Visit and drink, like us below.

Bacchus prepar'd a swelling Bowl,
 True Emblem of his mighty Soul.
 It suited well their Godships Taste;
Jove drank a Bumper to the Best,

And

And wink'd at *Mars*, as tho' he'd say,
Remember *Venus* t'other Day;
Vulcan knew well their Double-Dealing,
And search'd his Forehead for a Swelling;
However, not to spoil the Joke,
Thus to *Mars* he slyly spoke.

Pray Friend, next Journey don't forget,
Th' Adventure of the Iron Net.
This made their Godships laugh like Thunder,
And the great God of War knock'd under.

But, to be short, their brimming Glasses
Went round like ours, when crown'd with Lasses.
Until they drank to such a Season,
When Passion is too strong for Reason;
Then 'twas agreed by all in common,
No real Mirth without a Woman.
But whom to have was now the Strife,
Jove was for any but his Wife,
And *Vulcan* vow'd he could not bear,
Ev'n the Sight of *Venus* there.

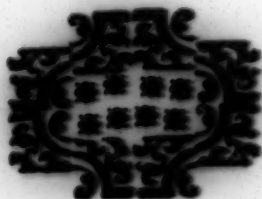
So 'twas agreed, to crown their Mirth,
They'd have a Female here from Earth,
Hermes was sent, as swift as Wind,
To bring the finest he could find ;
And who but *Mira* could be fit
At *Jupiter's* Right-hand to sit,
As Queen of Beauty and of Wit?
Her then he seiz'd, unwilling Fair,
And wing'd it swiftly thro' the Air,
Her Hoop being very useful there.

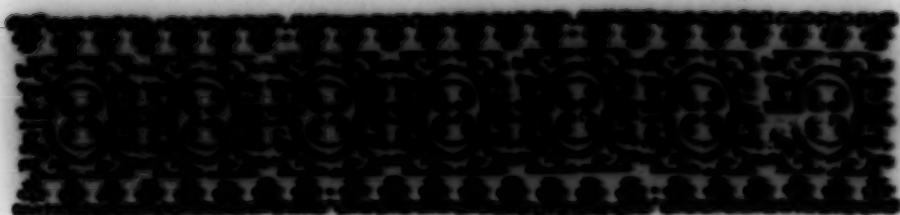
At length arriving with his Prize,
(Too bright indeed for mortal Eyes.)
The Gods stood mute, and thought they'd seen
No Object but the *Cyprian* Queen ;
And *Vulcan* bluntly swore by's Life,
He took the mortal for his Wife.
The Nymph, I readily dare say,
Was full as much surpriz'd as they ;
But being seated here a while,
Afforded *Jupiter* a Smile,

Which

Which made the cheating God believe,
He could the mortal Fair deceive :
As Gold and Silver heretofore,
Had brought less wary Maidens o'er,
He boasting shew'd her all his Store.
His Thunder and his Lightning too,
" All this (says he) was made for you."
But these the trembling Maid did move
Rather to Reverence, than Love.
Mars offer'd up his Arms and Dart,
And these went very near her Heart :
For what weak Virgin can withstand
The Charms of Courage and Command?
What Maid or Widow Rigour shew
To *Mars* above, or *Smith* below ?
Apollo next was sure to fail,
For Wisdom never can prevail ;
Howe'er he sang in wishing Strain,
A mortal Song, call'd, *Since in vain, &c.*
Bacchus in Bumpers spelt her Name,
And vow'd he'd cure, or quench his Flame.

For *Vulcan* there was little Room,
All knew he had enough at home.
Cupid that little witty Elf,
Who all this Time had hid himself,
To save his Glasses (not being able
To drink like them) beneath the Table,
Shewing himself, the Nymph began
To change her glowing Cheeks to wan :
Strange Strugglings rising in her Breast,
The powerful God she soon confess'd,
The God with arbitrary Sway,
Bore the fair captive Prize away :
Gave her his Quiver and his Darts,
Gave her the Rule of mortal Hearts :
And, as unerring Story tells,
Has left here at *Tunbridge-Wells*.





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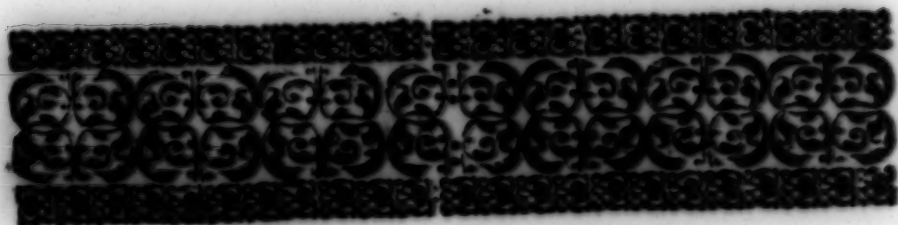
FLORINDA, or, Mrs. J--E H--N.

F *LORINDA's* charming, sweet and fair,
Adorn'd with every Grace;
These are Perfections not so rare,
Familiar to her Race.

The Wonder is that winning Air
Peculiar to the Maid :
That matchless *Something* seated there,
Which baffles all our Aid.

'Tis innocent, yet can ensnare ;
Unpractis'd, yet has Wiles ;
It knows to conquer without Care,
And to command with Smiles.

It is so easy you wou'd swear,
 Each Nymph might put it on:
 But yet so hard, you must declare,
 'Tis her's, and her's alone.



ON BELINDA.

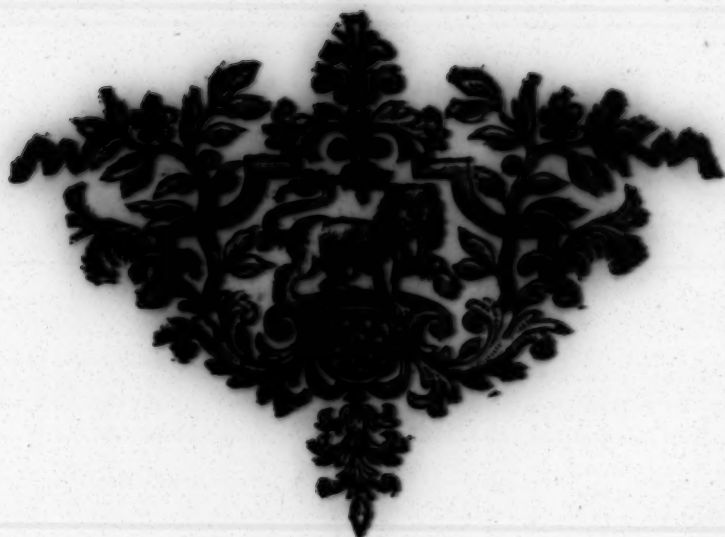
BELINDA's bowfy, fat, and fair,
 Adorn'd with Collops greasy,
 These are Perfections not so rare,
 Among the plump and easy.

The Wonder is, that winning Waddle,
 Peculiar to the Whale:
 That matchless *Something* like a Straddle,
 That Jet of her vast Tail.

She's

She's innocent in giving Pain,
Unpractic'd in soft Wiles,
And yet knows how to ease a Swain,
With other Damsel's Smiles.

Her Bum's so hugely large, you'd swear
'Twere soft like Mud or Ouse ;
But yet so very hard, that there
The Fleas are crack'd by Spouse.





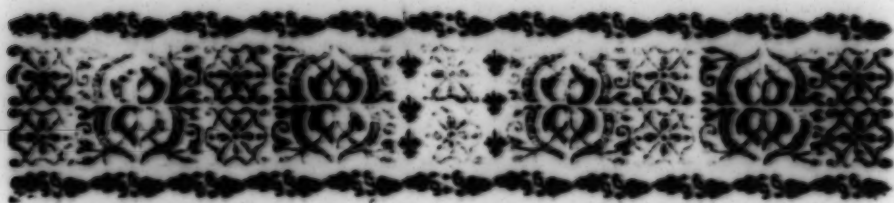
ON THE
TUNBRIDGE POETS.

AS each new Year the Bell-man chooses
 One of the *Grubstreetarian* Muse,
 To celebrate his Dames and Masters,
 And tell 'em from what sad Disasters
 He by his Vigilance defends 'em,
 And that his Wishes best attend 'em;
 For which he hopes they'll think upon him,
 And show'r their gen'rous Bounty on him.
 So here, for some such mighty Reason,
 Poor Poets scribble every Season;
 And deify some Nymph or Lady,
 In hopes one Day to touch the Ready—

For that's, whatever the Pretence is,
The Source, from whence their Praise commences.
Thence 'tis *Florinda* 's blooming sweet,
Adorn'd with every Grace compleat ;
While *S——le* 's bright Charms neglected are,
To sing Perfections not so rare.

To that the Widow owes her Lovers,
Who in such Flocks about her hover,
That makes her bright as *Venus* fair,
Gives her fine Wit, a winning Air,
And Thirty Thousand lovely Graces,
For Reasons stol'n from lovelier Faces.
For want of that, fair *Celia* 's Eyes,
Tho' brighter than the Morning Skies,
Unsung remain, 'tis wondrous Pity ;
She wants what makes these Dabblers witty.
At least, what makes 'em aim at Wit
So oft, who 're just as often bit.

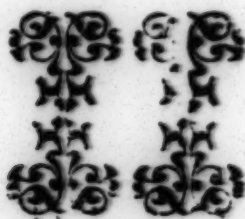


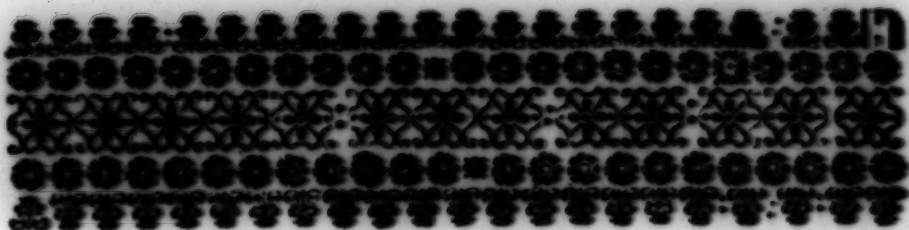


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*Mrs. S-----LE, raffling for a
Myrtle.*

TIS hers, and must be so, whate'er
We fling, nor was the Raffle fair ;
For since 'tis own'd the Myrtle Grove
Is sacred to the Queen of Love,
Who's so profane, so unpolite,
To rob *Gratiana* of her Right ?

*Dr.*



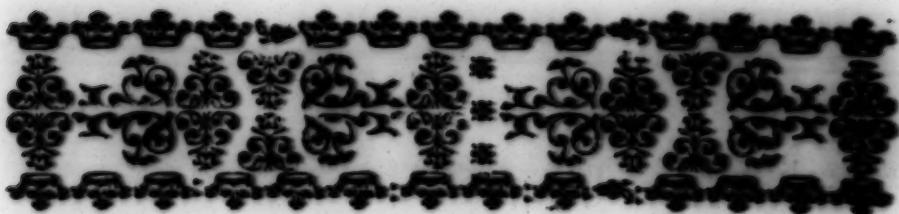
Dr. D---t's PANEGYRICK.

HO W charming now is *Brand* in lovely Make !
 Her Air engaging ! her bright Virtue take ;
 She excells the rest, admir'd by all,
 Reserv'd, yet lives ! nor will a Victim fall
 To every Fool's glaring Eye or Look ;
 Her Air disdains, nor will such Courtship brook.
 The Muse, who sings the Praises of the Fair,
 Was not inspir'd to neglect th' happy Pair
 Of the bright *Montague* and *Hinchinbrook* :
 He's blind, like *Homer*, who mistook
 In *Tunbridge* Walks the illustrious View
 Of their fine Charms, in Perfection true :
 Like Goddesses, of whom the Poets sing
 The Lineaments of Life, and every Thing

That's

That's great and beautiful in Air and Form,
 As if, like Deities, they were not born
 Of Human Race, the Parts are so compleat,
 They shine in ev'ry Light, like Souls inspir'd, great;
 So amiable they may be ador'd,
 Your Fire Celestial, O Gods, implor'd,
 To raise my Thoughts above the vulgar Strain,
 Nor must my Genius wax, like Moon, in Wain.
 While I such noble Objects have in view,
 To other lesser Beauties bid Adieu.
 How soft and charming are thy Words of Sense!
 In ev'ry Turn of happy Thought dispense,
 O thou divine *Montague*, most polite
 Thy winning Air of pleasing Wit so bright.
 How poor the Poet's Vein, and less his Fire,
 Who in Heroic Verse could not aspire
 To celebrate the fairest *P——*!
 Of her Sex; she's Ornament to all;
 In her soft Air of modest Wit and Sense
 She's Great, and Goodness is her Excellence;
 Nature's Perfection to the Life you see
 A lively Image of Divinity.

Adorn'd with all the Beauties of the Wind,
Par——— in 'semblance, Sister-like, you'll find.
Nor would I silent be of *Castlemain*,
Her Virtue well adorns the noble Train;
Her divine Goodness shines in Charity,
In eminent degree like Quality.
Nor should such pious Acts obscurely lie,
Which well deserve the Praise of Poetry.
Such Peereſſes ſhine Lights, like Stars above,
And will in Happineſs, like Angels move.

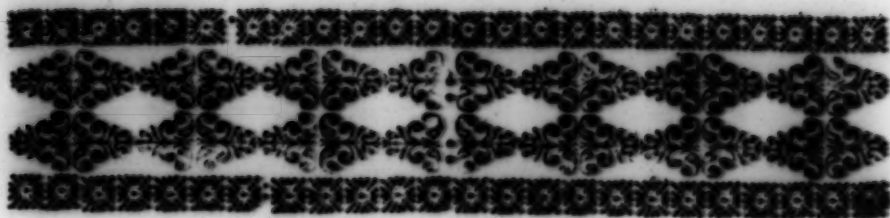


O N T H E

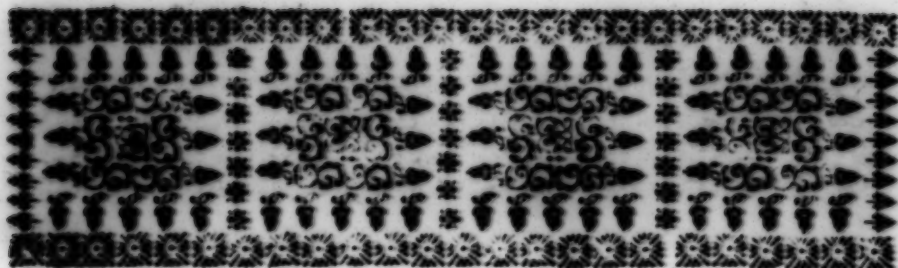
Author of the foregoing Verſes.

WHAT Fiend this Plague to Earth has ſent,
That *Flenco* is reviv'd in *D*———?

On

*On the same.*

THE Man that has no Hands t' indite,
 With's awkward Feet may sometimes write;
 But he that neither Hands, nor Feet has,
 Is in a Case, of all most piteous.
 What can he do, all over Stump,
 But live a sad, dull, heavy Lump?
 So Panegyrick tagg'd with Rhime,
 The want of Sense may hide with Chime.
 But if the Poet with his Muse,
 Can neither Rhime, nor Sense produce,
 And yet his Jingles loves to vent,
 What can he be but impu--dent?



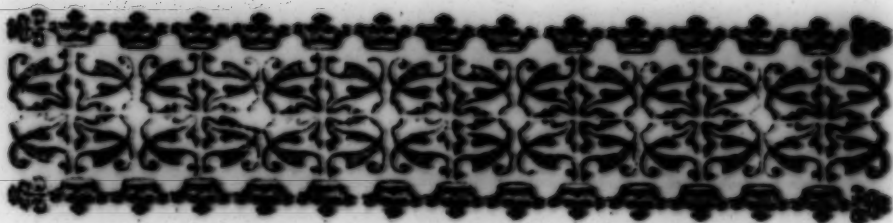
On the same.

IF the Doctor to God does send up such Praises,
As in Dulness profound he bestows on the Ladies;
His Fate is decreed, and beyond all redeeming,
He's doom'd to be damn'd for most awkward blaspheming.



On the same. By a Gentleman.

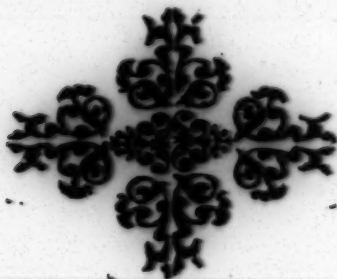
THERE is no Man to Poetry so bent,
As is the Reverend Dr. D——t;
All that he says is very well meant,
For he strives to give the *Belles* Content.

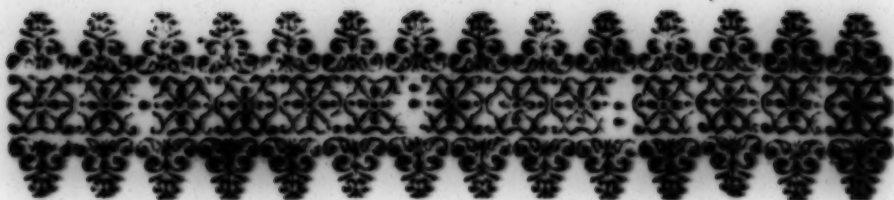


My LORD to the DOCTOR,
An EPISTLE.

DOCTOR——alas ! I'm much in Love,
 'Gainst which, in vain I long ha' strove :
 Th' Exploits are many I dare do,
 (No Lover more) to shew I'm true,
 And tho' I say't——can Sing, or Dance——
 Or, if need were—— cou'd break a Launce :
 But ah ! my cruel, angry *Grizle*,
 At ev'ry Turn, bids me go whistle——
 As sure's your Worship is not mad,
 My *Grizle* is——and very bad——
 She cares not, tho' the King did know it,
 She'll marry no Man, but a Poet :
 She puts me sure in mortal Pain,
 The Moon——she crys——the Moon's in Wain,
 She

She treats the Gods confounded bold,
And then——affirms, that Fire is cold——
But now I find these high-flown Strokes,
Did mean some very handsome Folks;——
And soon perceive that all this while,
She ranted in your Worship's Style;
Who having loftier Thoughts in view,
To sneaking Beauties, bid ——Adieu.
But now, Sir, —— by your Worship's Leave,
I've Hopes that I shall all retrieve;
Your Rhime, you know's not deadly fine,
Now wou'd you let it pass for mine;
Then I get *Grizle*——and you save
The dull Repute your Verses have.



*On the same.*

WAS Doctor D——
From Heav'n sent,

To prate upon a *Sunday*?

Or did his Muse

The Dotard chuse,

To scribble Rhyme a *Monday*?

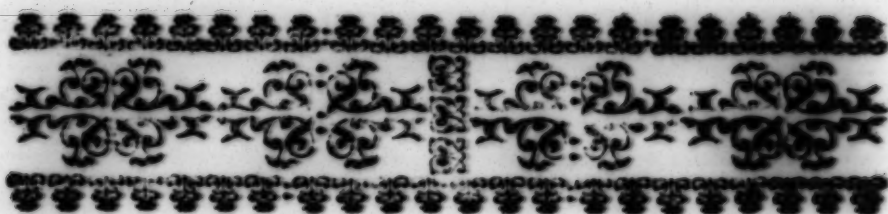
**SATYR on SATYR.**

THE poultry Sribblers, who impudently lash
The Doctor, with such poor and trifling Trash;
For good and bad are all receiv'd alike
By grave D——, which at the Poets strike, To

To damn their Genius to the Pit of Hell,
Because Divine, no Wit or Sense is well;
For shame forbear your lying Satyr's Strain,
You're better skill'd to throw a lucky Main;
You're fair in Burlesque Rhimes to please the Nymphs,
But rhyme and dance about, like antick Imps,
The Doctor for Poetick Vein, admire,
He cannot write profane to your Desire;
His Character shines bright, his Parts are seen,
And the mad Knight-Errant had better been
Shut up in *Bedlam*, than his Pranks display,
So loud and noisy, in his awkward Way;
Without Wit or Sense, at every Turn he bawls,
And up and down, like croaking Frog, he crawls;
" My W--fe's ill-us'd by these Poetick Tools,
" My Honour suffers by such empty Fools.
Thus he's the Jest of all the *Tunbridge-Walks*,
Buffooning Wit, in Satyr never baulks
T' abuse the Ladies without Wit or Reason,
And chatters on in his mad frantick Jargon.
But Poets, who in Panegyrick write,
Will still immortal live, to lash your Spite;

Your

Your Dulness to chastize in all you say,
 Like Laureats, still sublime in ev'ry Lay;
 Their Genius runs high in lofty Strain,
 And all you write or say, will be in vain.



The Trip to TUNBRIDGE.

THere's no Man that's not of *Schismatical* Crew,
 But when he's at *Rome*, will do as they do;
 Therefore when I came hither, I propos'd to take
 A Pattern from others, and not for to make
 Any Rules for my self. I paid all my Fees,
 And when I'd done that, was wholly at Ease.
 I took a Purge, my Kettle to scower,
 And then drank the Waters at a Regular Hour.
 I began with one Glass, and soon got to five,
 Which made me so perfectly fresh and alive,

That

That I danc'd, sung and ruffled, drank Coffee and Tea,
And from Morning to Night was as brisk as a Bee.
I chose me a Mistress of Wit and Condition,
To whom I presented the following Petition.

- " Pray, Madam, be kind to a Heart full of Love,
" As an Egg full of Meat. My Passion's above
" Any Art to describe. No one knows what I feel,
" From the Crown of my Head, quite down to my
" Heel.
" Your Eyes are like Suns, your Lips are like Rubies,
" And those that say otherwise, are a Parcel of Boobies.
" Dear *Chloe*, take Pity, and let me not die,
" Never any Man loved you better than I.

But she heard not my Prayer, and gives me no Look,
And such sort of Treatment no Mortal can brook;
I'm forc'd them to leave her, and to flee from the Place,
And hope you'll bemoan my pitiful Case.

And since those that go hence leave somewhat behind,
Dropt either from Pen, or from T-----, I've a mind
To conform in the first, as well as the last,
And by this you will judge how the Waters have pass'd,

Both

Both upwards and downwards, as well one as t'other,
 Just as they've done with my *Poetical Brother* :
 But yet I must not, as here all the Trade is,
 Spend the whole of my Wit in commending the Ladies.
 For if I do that, what will come of the Men,
 Who surely deserve one Stroke of my Pen ?
 And indeed for the Ladies, there's no need to praise 'em,
 A Reverend Bard having done so much to raise 'em.
 Oh ! when will he speak in Praise of the Peers,
 As in those of the Ladies, to charm all our Ears !
 In *Tillotson's Language*, and *Tillotson's Sense*,
 Too strong and too fine to need a Defence ;
 He paints out the Fair in their Beauty and Wit,
 As fast as they come for their Pictures to fit.
 And yet (who would think it ?) he's lost all his Pains,
 And the Ladies despise the Produce of his Brains.
 And since they're *ungrateful* to *him*, they would be
 (I've reason to fear) as *ungrateful* to *me*.
 But why such hard Fate ? suppose the Man's dull,
 That is not *his* Fault, 'tis the Fault of his *Skull* ;
 His Will it was good, tho' his *Flames* they were *cold* ;
 But that is excusable, for he is *old*.

The Man did his best, and would you have more ?
 Besides, it's his first, he ne'er painted before.
 And tho' he's not witty, remember he's Civil,
 Pray therefore don't *seal him forthwith to the Devil.*
 Let him live, and repent : Stay and see, he'll refine,
 He has still something more in his Head and Design.
 The L——d R——b, as I'm inform'd
 From the D——r himself, has bitterly storm'd,
 And calls the poor Prebend a Son of a W——,
 (Sure never poor Prebend was call'd so before.)
 For leaving his Lady quite out of his Song,
 A Lady that sparkles amidst the fine Throng.
 Whereupon he resolves to lead her a Dance,
 And her L——p's Merit and worth to advance.
 And others are angry that they are pass'd by,
 And not allow'd room in his Poetry ;
 Whose Pardon he'll beg for dropping their Names,
 As soon as the *Heat* shall mix with his *Flames*.
 His Genius will wax like the *Moon in the Wane*,
 And not a Nymph of you all shall have room to complain;
 The soft Airs of your Wit, and your Sense he'll describe,
 Without the Fears of a Frown, or the Hopes of a Bribe;

And those that stay longest, shall then fare the best,
 And if not, I do solemnly vow and protest,
 I'll protect him no more from your Scorn and your Jest.
 In short, you'll then need no Praises of mine,
 And I'm glad, I've so fair a Pretence to decline
 So awful a Service, so noble a Theme,
 That's too big for any one Mortal but *him*.
 Only *B--ll* I must praise, that lovely fair Creature,
 Whom Nature furnish'd with *Size, Shape, and Feature*,
 That among all the Nymphs, both great ones and small,
 She's the first in your *View*, and the first at your *Call*.
B--ll's Charms are apparent, her Wit is polite,
 And as for those Beauties that lie out of sight,
 Whenever you please, she'll expose 'em to Light.
 Her *Shape, Dress* and *Air* move ev'ry one's Passion,
 And he that's unmov'd 's not a Man in the Fashion.

And now, Nymphs, farewell; and watch and take
 care,

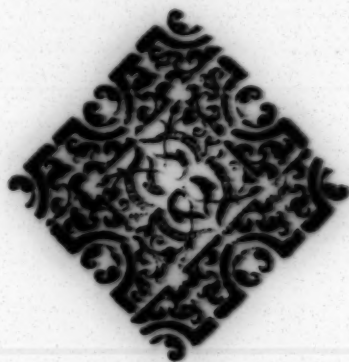
There are those that come here with a Thought to en-
 snare.

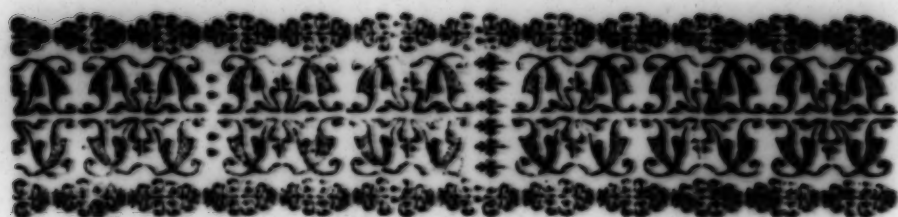
Don't

Don't believe what they say, they mean nothing by it,
Which you'll find still the truer, the oftner you try it.

And as for you Beaux, that come hither to see
The Maids and the Widows, and treat 'em with Tea;
You may e'en return back, like Fools as you came,
And languish and pine away under a Flame,
That's not to be quench'd——

And guard well your Pockets, or else they will be,
By Gaming and Raffling, and Coffee and Tea,
Reduc'd to the State, that your *Heads* were before,
And you must be forc'd to run up a Score,
And at last return Home, as I do, very poor.





An ACROSTICK.

*M*arlborough, who, next to *Jove*, *Great Britain* sav'd,
*(O*n *Hoc'ster's* Plains) which else had been enslav'd,
*N*ow stands confess'd upon the glorious Place,
*T*he brightest Pattern to a future Race.
*A*t Home, a worthless Herd his Praises shun,
*G*udge him those Lawrels he so bravely won ;
*U*nkindly wish him destitute of Heir,
*E*v'n hate his Race, 'cause exquisitely Fair.





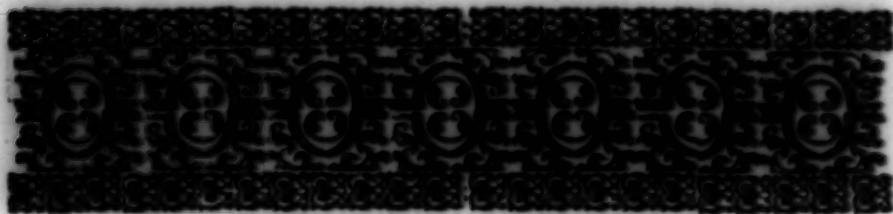
A Petition to CUPID.

Release me, God of Love, from am'rous Cares,
 Alas! how ill they suit with serious Years;
 Withdraw thy Arrows, and my Chains remove;
 Let me not suffer Shame, as well as Love.
 The World, an Emblem of the cruel Dame,
 Sports with my Wounds and ridicules my Flame.
 With double Justice I my Fate deplore,
 Oh! *Cupid*, spare at last, and strike no more.

Mistaken Wretch! the potent God replied,
 Count not Captivity thy Shame, but Pride.
 With utmost Gratitude my Pow'r allow,
 For I preferr'd thee, when I made thee bow.
 Had vulgar Beauty thus subdued thy Heart,
 Disgrace might well attend th' inglorious Dart.

But

But thou 'rt *Lucinda's* Slave, then hug thy Pains,
Know, the Reproach is, not to wear her Chains.



SATYR to the Panegyrist.

MEN Satyr hate, because 'tis Nature's Glass,
And no one cares to see himself an Ass :
And tho' to Panegyrick you pretend,
You most lampoon, when most you wou'd commend.
How dull 's the Fancy, Beauty cannot raise!
When in Tautology you 're forc'd to praise:
Each heavy Line complains what Dangers lie
I'th' Face of one, and t'others killing Eye,
Tho' Beauty yields such vast Variety.
Who can in Verse unpardon'd pass a Crime,
Where solid Sense is studied less than Rhime.

By

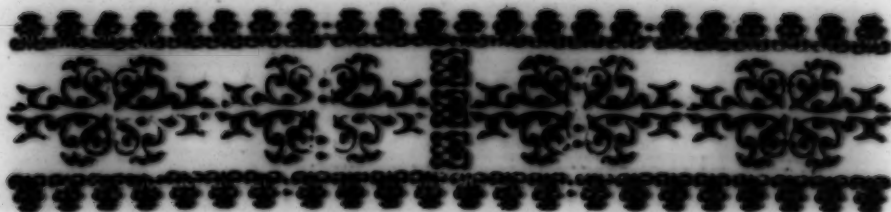
By P——'s self she only can be spoil'd ;
 'Tis fit the Woman now throw off the Child :
 Else wiser Girls may well with Truth declare,
 She were more *tolerable*, if less fair.

None L——y can indeed enough revere,
 Who is as witty, as she is sincere.

A willing Captive Liberty retrieve!
 Would *St. John* give you cause to ask such leave ?
 Why not an Object ever to adore,
 As well as is the pretty awkward H——r ?

Be just and from thy Verse expunge F——e's Name.
 Audacious Wretch to attempt the glorious Theme.

P——z indeed may suit thy wretched Strain :
 'Tho' any but your self would praise in vain.
 For to the Task should other Pens descend,
 You'd swear they must by Irony commend.
 Let my Advice thy further Flight prevent,
 The Fair you omit will suffer less by D——t.



An *A N S W E R*
To the SATYRIST.

SURE Satyr for the Sake of Satyr,
 Men love who want good Sense and Nature,
 As Fish-Wives Scolding; and prevail
 That Way too oft, when others fail:
 Yet needless 'tis, in Nature's Glafs
 To pry, whose Braying shews the Ass.
 For what beside, would e're declare
P-l-l more tolerable, if less fair?
 Or call her Innocence in Question,
 For wiser Girls to make their Jest on;
 Yet think t'encrease himself their Censure,
 Unless an Ass? not one in Ten sure!

On *Lynsey's* Charms so I'll revere,
As to say Nothing of them there,
But that she's witty and sincere.

}

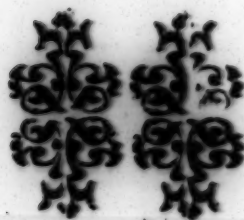
At tho' the Beauties of her Face,
He fear'd, would wrong each other Grace.

A willing Captive Liberty retrieve!
Could *St. John* give you Cause to ask such Leave?

Are two dull Lines, I verily believe,
Whose Meaning none, who read 'em can conceive,
Of Consequence not worth an Answer,
From Woman, Girl, or Boy, or Man, Sir:
Nor can I guess, wherein to blame,
The Poet was who sung *Fane's* Name,
In Numbers suited to his Theme.
Or why our Satyrift should be
With *P-r-n's* Character so free,
And fancy 't Height of Condescension,
With Pens like his, her Name to mention.

}

Or what sometimes he would be at,
 Unless in his Advices patt,
 (Which wisely he has plac'd at Bottom,
 Or I had certainly forgot 'em :)
Viz. To avoid a further Flight.
 And there, I own, I think he's right.
 'Cause then he must of Course forsake me,
 Whose heavy Wings cannot o'ertake me.
 I therefore give him my Advice
 (Which sure he'll follow, if he's wise)
 That, as he yet ha'n't flown at all,
 He'll ne'er attempt it, lest he fall :
 For if he should fall, sure enough
 Full great will be the Fall thereof.





On a GENTLEMAN.

A^S ——— walk'd in Wastecoat of Brocade,
Chloe, a tawdry fancied Maid,
 Cried, Oh yonder Swain's a Charmer!
 But half dead with Fear,
 When, as he came near,
 She found it was a Hog in Armour.



Upon a Lady that stoops.

I.

BEHOLD *Miranda's* graceful Mien,
 Her slender Shape, her beauteous Face,
 That winning Air, in Motion seen,
 That every Charm, that every Grace,

H 2

That

That Beauty, tho' illustrious and great,
Not to the Power of any Art in Debt.

II.

Behold her Eyes, as Diamonds bright,
Her Neck and Arms and every Feature ;
Observe how all employ your Sight
On so compleat, divine a Creature.
Each Youth feels in his Breast an ardent Fire ;
Each envious Nymph stands gazing to admire.

III.

Thus Nature, who to all gives Birth,
With a peculiar Care and Art
Hath made this Piece of well-form'd Earth,
And diligently play'd her Part.
But ah ! the Master of the Dancing School
Hath here neglected his accustom'd Rule.

IV. Her

IV.

Her slender Waste in Make and Pow'r
Is like the Shaft that *Cupid* arms;
But the fair Nymph does ev'ry Hour,
By slooping lessen all her Charms.
The Fault now, Dancing-Master, must be thine,
For spoiling that, which Nature made so fine.

V.

But this proves happy for Mankind ;
For had she perfect been in ev'ry Part,
We should too many Beauties find,
And each sick Swain would lose his Heart.
The reigning Tyrant ev'ry Breast would move,
And melt each stubborn Temper into Love.

VI.

She would be dangerously fair,
And tho' the Joy of every Eye,
To all she'd be the Cause of Care,
And kindle Flames that ne'er would die :

Who'd

Who'd see the charming Maid must love, 'tis sure,
 Who'd love must an untimely Fate endure.



On TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

SING Muse, with what new Arts on *Kentish* Plains
 Love the bright Nymphs betrays to am'rous Swains.
 Sing, Goddess, with what Arms unknown before,
 He makes the stubborn Virgin feel his Pow'r.

Long with great *Bacchus* in Alliance join'd,
 He us'd Admittance to our Breasts to find :
 Our tingling Nerves confess'd the fiery God,
 He swell'd our Spirits and inflam'd our Blood.

But still the abstemious Maid his Yoak disdain'd,
 And sipping Tea, the dangerous Juice refrain'd :
 In vain all Arts the eager Lover try'd,
 In vain his Vows, in vain he wept and sigh'd,
 All Entrance still to Love her lukewarm Breast deny'd,

Repuls'd

Repuls'd in open War, the God by Art
Resolves to undermine her rebel Heart.

Where *Cantian* with *South-Saxon* Mountains joyn,
Tow'ring they rise, and rich with *English* Mine
Contemn *Peruvian* Hills; within they hold
The nobler Metal, that commands the Gold.
These from their Foot a chrystal Current pour,
Rich with embody'd Steel, and liquid Ore;
Nor *Spa*, nor *Pymont*, nor the Western Springs,
Boast equal Virtue, tho' enclos'd by Kings.

Hither each circling Year the *British* Fair
To temper Summer's sultry Heat repair;
The wan-look'd Virgin here her Bloom renews,
And the pale Lilly blushes like the Rose.

In this the God embodying, his Design
Pursues, the Waters own the Power divine;
Bright to the Eye they sparkle in the Glass,
And gild the ruddy Pebbles where they pass;
Enliven'd with each Draught, the sickly Swain
Feels sudden Vigour glide thro' ev'ry Vein.

The

The Learned *P*—t scarce his Art believes ;
 But vain is Learning when a God deceives.
 So from the *Trojan* Hero's wounded Side,
 When every Art the Sage in vain had try'd,
Venus unseen the bearded Arrow drew,
 And in the Cure the Chief the Goddess knew.

Now then assur'd the wary Nymph to gain,
 The God insinuates into ev'ry Vein.
 Beware, fond Maid! nor trust the tempting Bowl,
 At length 'twill fire you, tho' at first it cool.

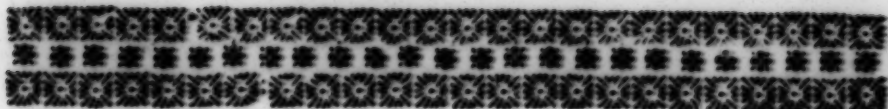
In vain thy Precepts, Muse, in vain I sing,
 Health and Complexion draw them to the Spring.
 Fresh Graces as they drink, fresh Charms arise,
 Bloom in their Cheeks, and sparkle in their Eyes:
 Each cold Recess, once Stranger to Desire,
 Teems with new Warmth, and glows with Genial Fire.
 Now less obdurate to the Lover's Pray'r,
 She lends the raptur'd Youth a kinder Ear,
 And wonders at her cautious Parents Fear.

Almighty Love! how sure is thy Decree!
They strive with Nature, who contend with thee.
Inspir'd by thee, new Grace the Nymph receives,
And scarce her Glass, or her own Eyes, believes.
With various Charms thou dost our Hearts assail,
In this the Fair, in this the *Brunes*, prevail.
From the same Charms what various Passions flow!
They fire the Soldier, while they melt the Beau.

See where Bright *S—e* attracts th' admiring Croud,
They scarce contain, but speak their Vows aloud.
Charming *Brunette*! on Heaps the Lovers die,
Struck with the Light'ning from her brilliant Eye.
Or where the chearful God with modest Air
Smiles in the lovely Eyes of *L—r*;
In every Look the spotless Maid is seen,
And Virgin Innocence blushes in her Mien.
With what a Majesty the Nymph appears!
Whose Chains, 'tis said, a Godlike *M—ch* wears.
No wonder, that a *K—g* such Charms should own,
Beauty subdues alike the Cottage and the *Th—ne*.

Forbear, fond Youth, to gaze on lovely *H——r*,
 A while forbear ; anon for Love mature,
 She may thy Warmth with equal Fire return,
 As yet she may inflame, but cannot burn.
 Where *British* Rose with purest Lilly vies,
 That Breast so snowy, and those radiant Eyes,
 Come they from sultry *Lusitanian* Skies?
R——l and *B——k* with diff'rent Charms delight,
 Like ruddy Morning this, that like the starry Night.
 But cease, rash Muse, the wanton Youth to move,
 For these are sacred both to Nuptial Love.
 These, and a Thousand various Beauties more,
 Maintain Love's Empire, and assert his Pow'r.

Shine bright, ye fair Ones, and propitious smile
 On him, who sings your Charms in Maiden Style.
 So may not ever the rude Satyr dare
 Your Virtue with ill-manner'd Hands to tear.
 His Verse licentious, as his End is base,
 Those most he blackens, whom he most should praise ;
 His vicious Lines offend the modest Ear,
 The Virgin, mine may read, and Parents hear.



On Mrs. H---N.

I.

MY Muse at Pause, in silent doubt,
Amidst the sparkling Throng,
No sooner sees but singles out,
Melissa for her Song.

II.

The bright *Melissa* darts her Rays
So fierce, I loose my Sight;
Nor on her, as on others gaze,
O'erwhelm'd with too much Light.

III.

What Eyes can such a Presence brook!
What Heart escape a Wound!
Swift as the Lightning, with a Look
She flashes Love around.

IV.

Each Youth intent upon her Charms,
Forgets his darling Fair ;
Hearts long elsewhere engag'd she warms,
And walks the publick Care.

V.

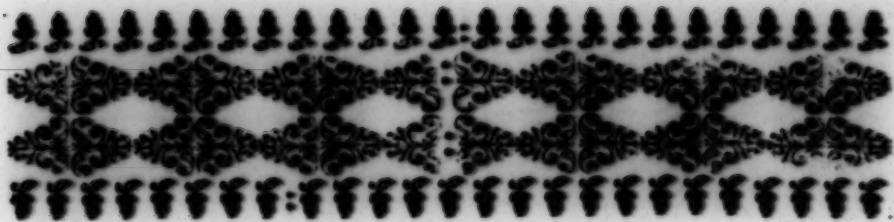
So have I seen when Day comes on,
The Lustre of each Star,
Obscur'd by Beams of rising Sun,
To fade and disappear.

VI.

The Lip of this, the Eye of that,
By all at Sight are known,
The Shape, the Mein, th' I know not what,
Collected into One.

VII.

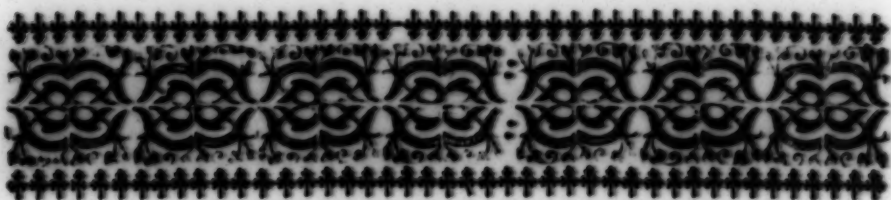
Pardon, bright Nymphs, in rapt'rous Fit,
If her this Name I give,
Of all your Beauty, Virtue, Wit,
The Representative.



On the TUNBRIDGE POETS.

OH! *Tunbridge-Wells*, for every thing renown'd,
 Where radiant Beauties tread the rocky Ground;
 Where Air and Earth, and Water, all conspire,
 To strengthen and repair our vital Fire;
 Where Conversation does our Wits refine,
 And raises to a Pitch, so near Divine;
 How is't, that this improving, wholesome Place,
 Which Life and Spirit adds to Humane Race,
 Shou'd only prey upon the Poet's Brain,
 Here sink him lower than the common Strain
 Of Wits? Strange! that alone the Muse's Friends,
 Who t' exalted Wit and Parts pretend,
 Shou'd grovel here, who elsewhere soar above,
 To sing of Heroes, and successful Love;

'Tis not for want of proper Themes to raise
 The Poet's Fancy, or to gain him Praise;
 Here Beauty, Wit, and Valour, in a Throng
 Appear, fit Subjects in a Poet's Song;
 And yet are Poets hence forc'd to retire,
 Unless they'd slay, and with their Wits expire;
 So Creatures venomous on *Lisb* Ground,
 As Fame reports are never to be found.



Upon the POETS.

FOR shame give over writing, and scribble no more;
 There never were any such Doings before:
 So much is but Vapours, unless it were better,
 The Farewel it self, and the *Lord's* merry Letter,
 Together with that of the *Doctor's* composing,
 Only shew that their Authors, were every one dosing;
 And all the fine Ballads, Panegyricks and Satyrs,
 Let 'em come from the Lovers of Ladies, or Haters,

Show

Show the Men half asleep, when they set Pen to Paper,
They begin with a Blaze, and end in a Vapour.

Besides, consider, the Water never passes
So well as it shou'd, with such filly Asses;
Have Patience a little, until you have done drinking,
You'll make your selves giddy, when you sit down to
thinking ;

About a Month hence, you'll experience their Vigour,
And then all your Poems will be better and bigger :
And how will they look when they're put altogether,
Collected by *Standfast*, and bound up in Leather ?
You'll all be ashamed to find that in Print,
Which you have been Coining, in an unlicens'd Mint ;
Or at least others for you, and say you're F——ls,
To spend your Time thus, and become the poor Tools,
To promote others Laughter ; and all the Folks too,
That are pleas'd with your Vapours, will be laugh'd at
with you.

Oh, how you've wasted the Papers and Pens,
And tired the Writers poor Finger's-Ends ;
You've brought up a Custom, that when it will stop
No Mortal can tell. Next Season some Fop

Will come to the Place, with a whole Budget full
Of Ballads, Lampoons, and such Fruits of his Skull,
Without any Names, till he comes to the Place,
And then give 'em out, with a grave solemn Face,
As if made on purpose, for the Nymphs and the Swains,
To whom he inscribes his elaborate Pains :
Be wise then in Time, and don't give a Handle
To such a vile Heap of Nonsense and Scandal.

F I N I S.

